INSTRUMENTAL SONGS VERSION

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DISNEY PRESENTS MERYL STREEP "INTO THE WOODS" A LUCAMAR/MARC PLATT PRODUCTION A ROB MARSHALL FILM EMILY BLUNT JAMES CORDEN ANNA KENDRICK CHRIS PINE TRACEY ULLMAN CHRISTINE BARANSKI AND JOHNNY DEPP MUSIC PRODUCED BY MIKE HIGHAM MUSIC SUPERVISORS PAUL GEMIGNANI AND MIKE HIGHAM COSTUME DESIGNER COLLEEN ATWOOD FILM EDITOR WYATT SMITH PRODUCTION DESIGNER DENNIS GASSNER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DION BEEBE, ACS, ASC PRODUCED BY JOHN DELUCA, p.g.a. ROB MARSHALL, p.g.a. MARC PLATT, p.g.a. CALLUM McDOUGALL SCREENPLAY BY JAMES LAPINE WORLD AND LYRICS BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM

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BASED ON THE MUSICAL BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM AND JAMES LAPINE

DIRECTED BY ROB MARSHALL

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PROLOGUE: INTO THE WOODS

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BAKER
Once upon a time—in a far off kingdom—there lay a small village at the edge of the woods—

CINDERELLA
I wish...
BAKER
—And in this village—
CINDERELLA
More than anything...
BAKER
—lived a young maiden—
CINDERELLA
More than life...
More than jewels...
BAKER
—a care-free young lad—
JACK
I wish...
More than life...
BAKER
—and a childless baker—
BAKER/BAKER'S WIFE
I wish...
BAKER
—with his Wife.
More than anything...
BAKER'S WIFE
More than the moon...
BAKER/BAKER'S WIFE
I wish...
CINDERELLA
The King is giving a Festival.
BAKER/BAKER'S WIFE
More than life...
JACK
I wish...
CINDERELLA
I wish to go to the Festival—

BAKER/BAKER'S WIFE
More than riches...
CINDERELLA
And the Ball...
JACK
I wish my cow would give us some milk.
BAKER'S WIFE/CINDERELLA
More than anything...
BAKER
I wish we had a child.
JACK
Please, pal—
BAKER'S WIFE
I want a child...
JACK
Squeeze, pal.
CINDERELLA
I wish to go to the Festival.
JACK
I wish you'd give us some milk
Or even cheese...
BAKER/BAKER'S WIFE
I wish we might have a child.
ALL FOUR
I wish...
STEPMOTHER
You wish to go to the Festival?
BAKER
The poor girl's parents had died—
STEPMOTHER
You, Cinderella, the Festival?
You wish to go to the Festival?
FLORINDA
What, you, Cinderella? The Festival?
The Festival?
LUCINDA
What, you wish to go to the Festival?

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS
The Festival?!
The King's Festival!!???
BAKER
—And now she lived with her stepmother—
STEPMOTHER
The Festival!!!???
BAKER
—who had two daughters of her own.
FLORINDA
Look at your nails!
LUCINDA
Look at your dress!
STEPMOTHER
People would laugh at you—
CINDERELLA
Nevertheless—

CINDERELLA	**STEPSISTERS**	**STEPMOTHER**
I still wish to go	You still wish to go	She still wants to go
To the Festival—	To the Festival—	To the Festival—

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS
—And dance before the Prince?!
BAKER
All three were beautiful of face, but vile and black of heart.
The young lad had no father, and his mother—
JACK'S MOTHER
I wish...
BAKER
Well, she was at her wit's end—
JACK'S MOTHER
I wish my son were not a fool.
I wish my house was not a mess.
I wish the cow was full of milk.
I wish the walls were full of gold—
I wish a lot of things...
What in heaven's name are you doing with the cow inside the house?

JACK
I thought if he were nice and warm he might produce some milk.
JACK'S MOTHER
It's a she! How many times do I have to tell you?
That only "she"s can give milk!
BAKER
And then there was a hungry little girl who always wore a red cape—
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
I wish—
It's not for me,
It's for my Granny in the woods.
A loaf of bread, please,
To bring my poor old hungry
Granny in the woods...
Just a loaf of bread, please...
STEPMOTHER
Cinderella, if you can pick up these lentils and finish your chores in time,
then you may go to the ball with us. Come along, ladies...
STEPSISTERS
Yes, Mother.
LUCINDA
Good luck.
CINDERELLA
Come, little birds,
Down from the eaves
And the leaves,
Over fields,
Out of castles and ponds...
JACK
No, squeeze, pal...
Cinderella
Ahhhhhhh...

Quick, little birds,
Flick through the ashes.
Pick and peck, but swiftly,
Sift through the ashes.
Into the pot...
JACK'S MOTHER
Now listen to me well, son. Milky-White must be taken to market.
JACK
Mother, no—he's the best cow in the world—
JACK'S MOTHER
Was. She has been dry for weeks now.
We've no food or money and no choice but to sell her.

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JACK
But Milky-White's my best friend!
JACK'S MOTHER
Look at her!

There are bugs on her dugs.
There are flies in her eyes.
There's a lump on her rump
Big enough to be a hump!
JACK
But–
JACK'S MOTHER
We've no time to sit and dither
While her withers wither with her–
And no one keeps a cow for a friend!

Sometimes I wonder what's going on in that head of yours.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Into the woods, it's time to go,
I hate to leave, I have to, though.
Into the woods–it's time, and so
I must begin my journey.

Into the woods and through the trees
To where I am expected, ma'am,
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

BAKER'S WIFE
Now, you're certain of your way?
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
The way is clear,
The light is good,
I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
The woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
I sort of hate to ask it,
But do you have a basket?
BAKER'S WIFE
Yes, we do.
BAKER
I don't suppose you're planning on buying any of these?
BAKER'S WIFE
Oh, shhh! Now, don't stray and be late! All right?

BAKER
And you might save some of those sweets for Granny.
Oh my... She's a thief!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Into the woods and down the dell,
The path is straight, I know it well.
Into the woods, and who can tell
What's waiting on the journey?

Into the woods to bring some bread
To Granny who is sick in bed.
Never can tell what lies ahead,
For all that I know, she's already dead.

But into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods
To Grandmother's house
And home before dark!

LUCINDA
Cinderella!
FLORINDA
Get up here!
CINDERELLA
Fly birds,
Back to the sky,
LUCINDA
We are waiting!
CINDERELLA
Back to the eaves
And the leaves
And the fields
And the–
FLORINDA
Hurry up and do my hair, Cinderella!

Are you really wearing that?

LUCINDA
Here, I found a little tear, Cinderella!
Can't you hide it with a hat?
CINDERELLA
You look beautiful.
FLORINDA
I know.

LUCINDA
She means me.
FLORINDA
No, she didn't!
CINDERELLA
Mother said be good,
Father said be nice,
That was always their advice.
So be nice, Cinderella,
Good, Cinderella,
Nice good good nice–
FLORINDA
Tighter!
CINDERELLA
What's the good of being good
If everyone is blind
Always leaving you behind?
Never mind, Cinderella,
Kind Cinderella–

Nice good nice kind good nice–

FLORINDA
Ow! Not that tight! Clod!
BAKER
Who might that be?
BAKER'S WIFE
We've sold our last loaf of bread!
BAKER
It's the Witch from next door.
BAKER'S WIFE
We have no bread.
WITCH
I don't want your bread.
BAKER
Then what is it you wish?
WITCH
It's not what I wish, it's what you wish.
Nothing cooking in that belly now, is there?
And there will never be. Unless you do
exactly as I say. In three days' time a Blue
Moon will appear. Only then can the curse
be undone.

BAKER'S WIFE
What curse?
WITCH
The one I placed on this house.
BAKER
What are you talking about?
WITCH
In the past, when you were no more than a babe,
your father brought his young wife and you to this
cottage. They were a lovely couple. But not lovely
neighbors. You see, your mother was with child and
she developed an unusual appetite. She admired my
beautiful garden and she told your father that what
she wanted, more than anything in the world was–

Greens, greens, and nothing but greens:
Parsley, peppers, cabbages and celery.
Asparagus and watercress and
Fiddleferns and lettuce–!

He said, "All right,"
But it wasn't, quite,
'Cause I caught him
In the autumn
In my garden one night!
He was robbing me,
Raping me,
Rooting through my rutabaga,
Raiding my arugula and
Ripping up the rampion
(My champion!
My favorite!)

I should have laid a spell on him
Right there–
I could have turned him into stone
Or a dog or a chair...

But I let him have the rampion,
I'd lots to spare.
In return, however,
I said, "Fair is fair:
You can let me have the baby
That your wife will bear,
And we'll call it square."

BAKER
I had a brother?
WITCH
No. But you had a sister.
BAKER
Where is she?
WITCH
She's mine now and you'll never find her!
Small price to pay for what else your father stole
from me. It cost me my youth, my beauty.
My mother warned me she would punish me with
the curse of ugliness if I ever lost any of them.
BAKER'S WIFE
Lost what?
WITCH
The beans!
BAKER/BAKER'S WIFE
Beans?
WITCH
The special beans!
I let him go,
I didn't know
He'd stolen my beans!
I was watching him crawl
Back over the wall,
When bang! Crash!
The lightning flash!

Well, that's another story–
Never mind.

Anyway, at last
The big day came
And I made my claim.
"Oh, don't take away the baby,"
They shrieked and screeched,
But I did, and I hid her
Where she'll never be reached.

And your father cried
And your mother died,
When for extra measure–
I admit it was a pleasure–
I said, "Sorry,
I'm still not mollified."
And I laid a little spell on them–
You too, son–

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That your family tree
Would always be
A barren one...

BAKER
How could you do that?

WITCH
And when your mother died,
your father deserted you.
Your father was no father–
so why should you be?

Now there's no more fuss
And there's no more scenes
And my garden thrives–
You should see my nectarines!
But I'm telling you the same
I tell Kings and Queens:
Don't ever never ever
Mess around with my greens!

Especially the beans.

JACK
But why do we have to go to the next village?

JACK'S MOTHER
Because everyone in this village knows the
cow hasn't given a drop of milk in weeks.

JACK
But that's cheating.

JACK'S MOTHER
We're starving, Jack. Don't you understand that?
Now, you're not to accept less than five pounds
for her. Are you listening to me?

JACK
Yes.

JACK'S MOTHER
How much are you to ask?

JACK
No more than five pounds.

JACK'S MOTHER
Less! Than five.

JACK
... than five!

JACK'S MOTHER
Into the woods, the time is now.
We have to live, I don't care how.
Into the woods to sell the cow,
You must begin the journey.

Straight through the woods and don't delay,
We have to face
The marketplace.
Into the woods to journey's end–

JACK
Into the woods to sell a friend–

WITCH
You wish to have the curse reversed?
I'll need a certain potion first.
Go to the wood and bring me back
One: the cow as white as milk,
Two: the cape as red as blood,
Three: the hair as yellow as corn,
Four: the slipper as pure as gold.

Bring me these before the chime
Of midnight in three days' time,
'Tis then the blue moon reappears,
Which comes but once each hundred years.
Bring them and I guarantee,
A child as perfect as child can be.

Go to the wood!

STEPMOTHER
Ladies. Our carriage awaits.

CINDERELLA
Now may I go to the Festival?

STEPMOTHER
The Festival–?
Darling, those nails!
Darling, those clothes!
Lentils are one thing, but
Darling, with those,
You'd make us the fools of the Festival
And mortify the Prince!

CINDERELLA
The Festival lasts three nights.
Surely you can let me be there for one of them.

STEPMOTHER
The King is trying to find his son a wife–not a
scullery maid! We must be gone! Go!

CINDERELLA
I wish...

BAKER'S WIFE
Beans. These must be the Witch's beans!
We'll take them with us.

BAKER'S WIFE
We?

WIFE
Yes.

BAKER
We? You're not coming. It's not safe out there.

BAKER'S WIFE
I can help you.

BAKER
No. I can do this on my own.

BAKER
The spell is on *my* house.
Only I can lift the spell,
The spell is on *my* house.

BAKER'S WIFE
No, no, the spell is on *our* house.
We must lift the spell together,
The spell is on our house.

BAKER
Now tell me,
What am I to return with?

BAKER'S WIFE
You don't remember?
The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold–

BAKER
The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold...

CINDERELLA
I still wish to go to the Festival,
But how am I ever to get to the Festival?

BAKER
The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn–

BAKER'S WIFE
The slipper–

CINDERELLA
I know!
I'll visit Mother's grave,
The grave at the willow tree,
And tell her I just want to go
to the King's Festival...

BAKER
The slipper as pure as gold...
The cow, the cape,
The slipper as pure as gold–

BAKER'S WIFE
The hair–!

CINDERELLA/BAKER
Into the woods, it's time to go,
It may be all in vain, you (I) know.
Into the woods–but even so,
I have to take the journey.

BAKER'S WIFE
Into the woods, the path is straight,
You know it well,

BAKER
But who can tell–?

BAKER'S WIFE
Into the woods to lift the spell–

CINDERELLA
Into the woods to visit Mother–

JACK'S MOTHER
Into the woods to sell the cow–

JACK
To get the money–

CINDERELLA
To go the Festival–

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

ALL
The way is clear,
The light is good,
I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
The woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
No need to be afraid there–

BAKER
There's something in the glade there...

ALL
Into the woods without delay,
But careful not to lose the way.
Into the woods, who knows what may
Be lurking on the journey?

Into the woods to get the thing
That makes it worth the journeying.

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS
Into the woods
To see the King–

JACK
To sell the cow–

BAKER
To make the potion–

ALL
To see–
To sell–
To get–
To bring–
To make–
To lift–
To go to the Festival–!

Into the woods!
Into the woods!
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods,
And home before dark!

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CINDERELLA AT THE GRAVE

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BAKER
Deep within the woods, Cinderella had planted a branch at the grave of her mother and she visited there so often and wept so much that her tears watered it until it had become a magnificent tree.
CINDERELLA
I wish...
CINDERELLA'S MOTHER
What is it that you wish, child?

Do you know what you wish?
Are you certain what you wish
Is what you want?
If you know what you want,
Then make a wish–
Ask the tree,
And you shall have your wish.

HELLO, LITTLE GIRL

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WOLF
Mmmh...
Unhh...

Look at that flesh,
Pink and plump.
Hello, little girl...
Tender and fresh,
Not one lump.
Hello, little girl...
This one's especially lush,
Delicious...

Hello, little girl,
What's your rush?
You're missing all the flowers.
The sun won't set for hours,
Take your time.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Mother said,
"Straight ahead,"
Not to delay
Or be misled.

WOLF
But slow, little girl,
Hark! And hush–
The birds are singing sweetly.
You'll miss the birds completely,
You're travelling so fleetly.
Grandmother first,
Then Miss Plump...
What a delectable couple.
Utter perfection:
One brittle, one supple–

One moment, my dear–
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Mother said,
"Come what may,
Follow the path
And never stray."
WOLF
Just so, little girl–
Any path.
So many worth exploring.
Just one would be so boring.
And look what you're ignoring...

Think of those crisp,
Aging bones,
Then something fresh on the palate.
Think of that scrumptious carnality
Twice in one day...
There's no possible way
To describe what you feel
When you're talking to your meal!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Mother said
Not to stray.
Still, I suppose,
A small delay–
Granny might like
A fresh bouquet...

Goodbye, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF
Goodbye, little girl.

And hello...

I KNOW THINGS NOW

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Mother said,
"Straight ahead,"
Not to delay
Or be misled.
I should have heeded
Her advice...
But he seemed so nice.

And he showed me things,
Many beautiful things,
That I hadn't thought to explore.
They were off my path,
So I never had dared.
I had been so careful
I never had cared.
And he made me feel excited–
Well, excited and scared.

When he said, "Come in!"
With that sickening grin,
How could I know what was in store?
Once his teeth were bared,
Though, I really got scared–
Well, excited and scared.

But he drew me close
And he swallowed me down,
Down a dark, slimy path
Where lie secrets that I never want to know,
And when everything familiar
Seemed to disappear forever,
At the end of the path
Was Granny once again.

So we lay in the dark
Till you came and set us free,
And you brought us to the light,
And we're back at the start.

And I know things now,
Many valuable things,
That I hadn't known before:
Do not put your faith
In a cape and a hood,
They will not protect you
The way that they should.
And take extra care with strangers–
Even flowers have their dangers.
And though scary is exciting,
Nice is different than good.

Now, I know:
Don't be scared.
Granny is right,
Just be prepared.
Isn't it nice to know a lot?

And a little bit not...

A VERY NICE PRINCE

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CINDERELLA
He's a very nice prince.
BAKER'S WIFE
And–?
CINDERELLA
And–
It's a very nice ball.
BAKER'S WIFE
And–?
CINDERELLA
And–
When I entered, they trumpeted.
BAKER'S WIFE
And–?
The Prince–?
CINDERELLA
Oh, the Prince...
WIFE
Yes, the Prince!
CINDERELLA
Well, he's tall.
BAKER'S WIFE
Is that all?
Did you dance?
Is he charming?
They say that he's charming.
CINDERELLA
We did nothing but dance.
BAKER'S WIFE
Yes–?
And–?
CINDERELLA
And it made a nice change.
BAKER'S WIFE
No, the Prince!
CINDERELLA
Oh, the Prince...
BAKER'S WIFE
Yes, the Prince.
CINDERELLA
He has charm for a prince, I guess...
BAKER'S WIFE
Guess?
CINDERELLA
I don't meet a wide range.
And it's all very strange.
BAKER'S WIFE
Why would you run away?
CINDERELLA
It's not quite what I expected.
BAKER'S WIFE
What? Princes and castles and gowns?
CINDERELLA
I have no experience with those things.
BAKER'S WIFE
But you will return to the Festival tomorrow eve?
CINDERELLA
Yes... No... I don't know...
BAKER'S WIFE
You don't know? Oh, what I wouldn't give to be in your shoes. Well, your slippers... As pure as gold?
CINDERELLA
I must get home.
BAKER'S WIFE
No, wait. I need your shoes! Milky-White!
WITCH
One midnight gone!
BAKER'S WIFE
Already?!
WITCH
Get the cow!

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GIANTS IN THE SKY

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JACK
There are giants in the sky!
There are big tall terrible giants in the sky!

When you're way up high and you look below
At the world you've left and the things you know,
Little more than a glance is enough to show
You just how small you are.

When you're way up high and you're on your own
In a world like none that you've ever known,
Where the sky is lead and the earth is stone,

You're free to do
Whatever pleases you,
Exploring things you'd never dare
'Cause you don't care,
When suddenly there's

A big tall terrible giant at the door.
BAKER
A giant?
JACK
A big tall terrible lady giant sweeping the floor.

And she gives you food
And she gives you rest,
And she draws you close
To her giant breast,
And you know things now that you never knew before,
Not till the sky.

Only just when you've made a friend and all,
And you know she's big, but you don't feel small,
Someone bigger than her comes along the hall
To swallow you for lunch.

And your heart is lead and your stomach's stone
And you're really scared being all alone,
And it's then that you miss all the things you've known
And the world you've left and the little you own.

The fun is done.
You steal what you can and run!

And you scramble down
And you look below,
And the world you know
Begins to grow:
The roof, the house and your mother at the door. The roof, the house,
And the world you never thought to explore.
And you think of all of the things you've seen.
And you wish that you could live in between.

And you're back again,
Only different than before,
After the sky.

There are giants in the sky!
There are big tall terrible awesome scary
Wonderful giants in the sky!

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AGONY

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CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Did I abuse her
Or show her disdain?
Why does she run from me?
If I should lose her,
How shall I regain
The heart she has won from me?

Agony–!
Beyond power of speech.
When the one thing you want
Is the only thing out of your reach.
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
High in her tower,
She sits by the hour,
Maintaining her hair.
Blithe and becoming,
And frequently humming
A lighthearted air:
"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah–"

Agony–!
Far more painful than yours,
When you know she would go with you,
If there only were doors.
BOTH
Agony!
Oh, the torture they teach!
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
What's as intriguing–
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Or half so fatiguing–
BOTH
As what's out of reach?
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Am I not sensitive, clever,
Well-mannered, considerate,
Passionate, charming,
As kind as I'm handsome,
And heir to a throne?
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
You are everything maidens could wish for!
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Then why no–?
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
Do I know?
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
The girl must be mad.
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
You know nothing of madness
Till you're climbing her hair
And you see her up there
As you're nearing her,
All the while hearing her,
"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah–"
BOTH
Agony!
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Misery!
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
Woe!
BOTH
Though it's different for each.
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Always ten steps behind–
RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE
Always ten feet below–
BOTH
And she's just out of reach.
Agony
That can cut like a knife!

I must have her to wife.

IT TAKES TWO

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BAKER'S WIFE
You've changed.
You're daring.
You're different in the woods.
More sure,
More sharing.
You're getting us through the woods.

If you could see–
You're not the man who started,
And much more open-hearted
Than I knew
You to be.
BAKER
It takes two.
I thought one was enough,
It's not true:
It takes two of us.
You came through
When the journey was rough–
It took you.
It took two of us.

It takes care,
It takes patience and fear and despair
To change.
Though you swear
To change,
Who can tell if you do?
It takes two.
BAKER'S WIFE
You've changed.
You're thriving.
There's something about the woods.
Not just
Surviving,
You're blossoming in the woods.

At home I'd fear
We'd stay the same forever.
And then out here
You're passionate, charming, considerate, clever–
BAKER
It takes one
To begin, but then once
You've begun,
It takes two of you.
It's no fun,
But what needs to be done
You can do
When there's two of you.

If I dare,
It's because I'm becoming aware
Of us
As a pair
Of us,
Each accepting a share
Of what's there.
Each accepting a share
Of what's there.
BOTH
We've changed.
We're strangers.
I'm meeting you in the woods.
Who minds
What dangers?
I know we'll get past the woods.

And once we're past,
Let's hope the changes last
Beyond woods,
Beyond witches and slippers and hoods,
Just the two of us–
Beyond lies,
Safe at home with our beautiful prize,
Just the few of us.

It takes trust.
It takes just
A bit more and we're done.
We want four,
We had none.
We've got three.
We need one.
It takes two.

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STAY WITH ME

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WITCH
What did I clearly say?
Children must listen.
RAPUNZEL
No, please!
WITCH
What were you not to do?
Children must see–
RAPUNZEL
No!
WITCH
And learn.

Why could you not obey?
Children should listen.
What have I been to you?
What would you have me be,
Handsome like a prince?

Ah, but I am old.
I am ugly.
I embarrass you.
RAPUNZEL
No!
WITCH
You are ashamed of me.
RAPUNZEL
No!
WITCH
You are ashamed.
You don't understand.
RAPUNZEL
I'm no longer a child. I wish to see the world.
WITCH
Don't you know what's out there in the world?
Someone has to shield you from the world.
Stay with me.

Princes wait there in the world, it's true.
Princes, yes, but wolves and humans, too.
Stay at home.
I am home.

Who out there could love you more than I?
What out there that I cannot supply?
Stay with me.

Stay with me,
The world is dark and wild.
Stay a child while you can be a child.

With me.

I gave you protection and yet you disobeyed me.

RAPUNZEL
No.
WITCH
Your prince will never lay eyes on you again.
He will never lay eyes on anything again.
RAPUNZEL
What did you do to him?
WITCH
It doesn't matter because where you're going,
no one will ever see you again.
RAPUNZEL
No! No! No!

ON THE STEPS OF THE PALACE

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CINDERELLA
He's a very smart prince.
He's a prince who prepares.
Knowing this time I'd run from him,
He spread pitch on the stairs.
And I'm caught unawares.
Well, it means that he cares–
This is more than just malice.
Better stop and take stock
While you're standing here stuck
On the steps of the palace.

All right, what do you want?
Have to make a decision.
Why not stay and be caught?
Should I give that a thought,
What would be his response?

But then what if he knew
Who I am when I know
That I'm not what he thinks
That he wants?

Or then what if I am
What a prince would envision?
But then how can you know
Who you are till you know
What you want, which I don't?
So then which do you pick:
Where you're safe, out of sight,
And yourself, but where everything's wrong?
Or where everything's right
But you know that you'll never belong?

And whichever you pick,
Do it quick,
'Cause you're starting to stick
To the steps of the palace.

It's my first big decision,
The choice isn't easy to make.
To arrive at a ball
Is exciting and all–
Once you're there, though, it's scary.

And it's fun to deceive
When you know you can leave,
But you have to be wary.

There's a lot that's at stake,
But I've stalled long enough,
'Cause I'm still standing stuck
In the stuff on these steps...

Better run along home
And avoid the collision.
Though at home they don't care,
I'll be better off there
Where there's nothing to choose,
So there's nothing to lose.

So I'll pry up my shoes.

Wait, though, thinking it through,
Things don't have to collide–
I know what my decision is:
Which is not to decide.
I'll just leave him a clue:
For example, a shoe.
And then see what he'll do.

Now it's he and not you
Who'll be stuck with a shoe,
In a stew,
In the goo,
And I've learned something, too,
Something I never knew,
On the steps of the palace!

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CAREFUL MY TOE

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BAKER
As the Prince anxiously waited, the Stepmother took matters, and Florinda's foot, into her own hands.
FLORINDA
Careful, my toe—!
STEPMOTHER
Darling, I know—!
FLORINDA
What'll we do?
STEPMOTHER
It'll have to go.
But when you're his bride,
You can sit or ride,
You'll never need to walk!
BAKER
Minus one toe, Florinda mounted the Prince's horse, unaware of the blood dripping from the slipper. Lucinda was next...
LUCINDA
Why won't it fit?
STEPMOTHER
Darling, be still.
Cut off a bit
Of the heel and it will.
And when you're his wife
You'll have such a life,
You'll never need to walk!
BAKER
Minus a heel, Lucinda did her best to swallow the pain.
STEPMOTHER
It's a perfect fit Your Highness!

WITCH'S LAMENT

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WITCH
No matter what you say,
Children won't listen.
No matter what you know,
Children refuse
To learn.

Guide them along the way,
Still they don't listen.
Children can only grow
From something you love
To something you lose...

ANY MOMENT

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CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Anything can happen in the woods.
May I kiss you?
BAKER'S WIFE
Uh—
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Any moment we could be crushed.
Don't feel rushed.
BAKER'S WIFE
This is ridiculous,
What am I doing here?
I'm in the wrong story.
Wait, we can't do this! You have a princess!
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Well, yes, I do.
BAKER'S WIFE
And I have a... baker.
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Of course, you're right. How foolish.

Foolishness can happen in the woods.
Once again, please—

Let your hesitations be hushed.

Any moment, big or small,
Is a moment, after all.
Seize the moment, skies may fall
Any moment.
BAKER'S WIFE
But this is not right!
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
Right and wrong don't matter in the woods,
Only feelings.
Let us meet the moment unblushed.
Life is often so unpleasant—
You must know that, as a peasant—
Best to take the moment present
As a present for the moment.

MOMENTS IN THE WOODS

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CINDERELLA'S PRINCE
I shall not forget you.
How brave you are to be alone in the woods.
And how alive you've made me feel.
BAKER'S WIFE
What was that?

Was that me?
Was that him?
Did a prince really kiss me?
And kiss me?
And kiss me?
And did I kiss him back?

Was it wrong?
Am I mad?
Is that all?

Does he miss me?
Was he suddenly
Getting bored with me?

Wake up! Stop dreaming.
Stop prancing about the woods.
It's not beseeming.
What is it about the woods?

Back to life, back to sense,
Back to child, back to husband,
No one lives in the woods.
There are vows, there are ties,
There are needs, there are standards,
There are shouldn'ts and shoulds.

Why not both instead?
There's the answer, if you're clever:
Have a child for warmth
And a baker for bread,
And a prince for whatever—
Never!
It's these woods.

Face the facts, find the boy,
Join the group, stop the Giant,
Just get out of these woods.
Was that him? Yes, it was.
Was that me? No, it wasn't,
Just a trick of the woods.

Just a moment,
One peculiar passing moment...

Must it all be either less or more,
Either plain or grand?
Is it always "or"?
Is it never "and"?
That's what woods are for:
For those moments in the woods.

Oh, if life were made of moments,
Even now and then a bad one—!
But if life were only moments,
Then you'd never know you had one.

First a witch, then a child,
Then a prince, then a moment—
Who can live in the woods?
And to get what you wish,
Only just for a moment—
These are dangerous woods...

Let the moment go.
Don't forget it for a moment, though.
Just remembering you've had an "and"
When you're back to "or"
Makes the "or" mean more
Than it did before.
Now I understand—
And it's time to leave the woods!

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YOUR FAULT

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JACK
But it isn't my fault,
I was given those beans!
You persuaded me to trade away
My cow for beans!
And without those beans
There'd have been no stalk
To get up to the Giants
In the first place!
BAKER
Wait a minute—
Magic beans
For a cow so old
That you had to tell
A lie to sell
It, which you told!
Were they worthless beans?
Were they oversold?
Oh, and tell us who
Persuaded you
To steal that gold!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
See, it's your fault.
JACK
No!
BAKER
Yes, it's your fault.
JACK
No!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Yes, it is!
JACK
It's not!
BAKER
It's true.
JACK
Wait a minute, though—
I only stole the gold
To get my cow back
From you!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
So it's your fault!
JACK
Yes!
BAKER
No, it isn't!
I'd have kept those beans,
But our house was cursed.
She made us get a cow
To get the curse reversed!
WITCH
It's his father's fault
That the curse got placed
And the place got cursed
In the first place!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Oh.
Then it's his fault!
WITCH
So...
CINDERELLA
It was his fault.
JACK
No.
BAKER
Yes, it is,
It's his.
CINDERELLA
I guess...
JACK
Wait a minute, though—
I chopped down the beanstalk,
Right? that's clear.
But without any beanstalk,
Then what's queer
Is how did the second Giant get down here
In the first place?
Second place...
CINDERELLA
Yes!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
How?
BAKER
Hmm...
JACK
Well,
Who had the other bean?
BAKER
The other bean?
CINDERELLA
The other bean?
JACK
You pocketed the other bean.
BAKER
I didn't!
Yes, I did.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
So it's your fault—!
BAKER
No, it isn't,
'Cause I gave it to my wife!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
So it's her fault—!
BAKER
No, it isn't!
CINDERELLA
Then whose is it?
BAKER
Wait a minute!
She exchanged that bean
To obtain your shoe,
So the one who knows what happened
To the bean is you!
CINDERELLA
You mean that old bean
That your wife—? Oh, dear—
But I never knew,
And so I threw—
Well, don't look here!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
So it's your fault!
CINDERELLA
But—
JACK
See, it's her fault—!
CINDERELLA
But—
JACK
And it isn't mine at all!
BAKER
But what?
CINDERELLA
Well, if you hadn't gone
Back up again—
JACK
We were needy—
CINDERELLA
You were greedy!
Did you need that hen?
JACK
But I got it for my mother—!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
So it's her fault then!
CINDERELLA
Yes, and what about the harp
In the third place?
BAKER
The harp—yes!
JACK
She went and dared me to!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
I dared you to?
JACK
You dared me to!
She said that I was scared—
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Me?
JACK
—To.
She dared me!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
No, I didn't!
BAKER/CINDERELLA/JACK
So it's your fault!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Wait a minute—!
CINDERELLA
If you hadn't dared him to—
BAKER
And you had left the harp alone,
We wouldn't be in trouble
In the first place!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Well, if you hadn't thrown away the bean
In the first place—!
It was your fault!
CINDERELLA
Well, if she hadn't raised them in the first place—!
JACK
Yes, if you hadn't raised them in the first place—!
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD/BAKER
Right! It's you who raised the beans in the first place—!
CINDERELLA
You raised the beans in the first place!
JACK
It's your fault!
CINDERELLA/JACK/LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD/BAKER
You're responsible!
You're the one to blame!
It's your fault!

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LAST MIDNIGHT

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WITCH
Shhhhhhh!

It's the last midnight.
It's the last wish.
It's the last midnight,
Soon it will be boom–
Squish!

Told a little lie,
Stole a little gold,
Broke a little vow,
Did you?

Had to get your prince,
Had to get your cow,
Had to get your wish,
Doesn't matter how–
Anyway it doesn't matter now.

It's the last midnight,
It's the boom–
Splat!
Nothing but a vast midnight,
Everybody smashed flat!

Nothing we can do–
Not exactly true:
We could always give her the boy.

No, of course what really matters is the blame,
Someone you can blame.
Fine, if that's the thing you enjoy,
Placing the blame,
If that's the aim,
Give me the blame–
Just give me the boy.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD/CINDERELLA/BAKER
No!
WITCH
No...

You're so nice.
You're not good,
You're not bad,
You're just nice.
I'm not good,
I'm not nice,
I'm just right.
I'm the Witch.
You're the world.

I'm the hitch,
I'm what no one believes,
I'm the Witch.
You're all liars and thieves,
Like his father,
Like his son will be, too–
Oh, why bother?
You'll just do what you do.

It's the last midnight,
So goodbye, all.
Coming at you fast, midnight–
Soon you'll see the sky fall.

Here, you want a bean?
Have another bean.
Beans were made for making you rich!
Plant them and they soar–
Here, you want some more?
Listen to the roar:
Giants by the score–!
Oh well, you can blame another witch.

It's the last midnight,
It's the last verse.
Now, before it's past midnight,
I'm leaving you my last curse:
I'm leaving you alone.
You can tend the garden, it's yours.
Separate and alone,
Everybody down on all fours.

All right, Mother, when?
Lost the beans again!
Punish me the way you did then!
Give me claws and a hunch,
Just away from this bunch
And the gloom
And the doom
And the boom

CRUUUUNCH!

NO ONE IS ALONE

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CINDERELLA
Mother cannot guide you.
Now you're on your own.
Only me beside you.
Still you're not alone.
No one is alone, truly.
No one is alone.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
I wish...
CINDERELLA
I know.

Mother isn't here now.

BAKER
Wrong things, right things...
CINDERELLA
Who knows what she'd say?
BAKER
Who can say what's true?
CINDERELLA
Nothing's quite so clear now.
BAKER
Do things, fight things...
CINDERELLA
Feel you've lost your way?
BAKER
You decide, but you are not alone.
CINDERELLA
You are not alone,
Believe me.
No one is alone.
BAKER
No one is alone,
Believe me.
CINDERELLA
Truly...
CINDERELLA/BAKER
People make mistakes.
BAKER
Fathers,
CINDERELLA
Mothers,
CINDERELLA/BAKER
People make mistakes,
Holding to their own,
Thinking they're alone.
CINDERELLA
Honor their mistakes.
BAKER
Fight for their mistakes–
CINDERELLA
Everybody makes–
CINDERELLA/BAKER
One another's
Terrible mistakes.

Witches can be right,
Giants can be good.
You decide what's right,
You decide what's good.
CINDERELLA
Just remember:
BAKER
Just remember:
CINDERELLA/BAKER
Someone is on your side.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD/JACK
Our side.
CINDERELLA/BAKER
Our side.
Someone else is not.
While we're seeing our side–
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD/JACK
Our side–
CINDERELLA/BAKER
Our side––
ALL FOUR
Maybe we forgot:
They are not alone.
No one is alone.

Someone is on your side––
No one is alone.

FINALE/CHILDREN WILL LISTEN (PART 1)

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BAKER
Shhh... Please...
Maybe I just wasn't meant to have children–
BAKER'S WIFE
Don't say that!
Of course you were meant to have children.
BAKER
But how can I go about being a father
When I had no father to show me?
BAKER'S WIFE
Just calm the child.
BAKER
Yes, calm the child.
BAKER'S WIFE
Look, tell him the story
Of how it all happened.
Be father and mother,
You'll know what to do.
BAKER
Alone...
BAKER'S WIFE
Sometimes people leave you
Halfway through the wood.
Do not let it grieve you,
No one leaves for good.
You are not alone.
No one is alone.

Hold him to the light now,
Let him see the glow.
Things will be all right now.
Tell him what you know...
BAKER
Once upon a time, in a far off kingdom...
There lay a small village at the edge of the woods...
And in this village lived a young maiden...
a carefree young lad... and a childless baker... with his wife.
WITCH
Careful the things you say,
Children will listen.
Careful the things you do,
Children will see.
And learn.
Guide them along the way,
Children will glisten.
Children will look to you
For which way to turn,
To learn what to be.

Careful before you say,
"Listen to me."
Children will listen.
All
Careful the wish you make,
Wishes are children.
Careful the path they take–
Wishes come true,
Not free.

Careful the spell you cast,
Not just on children.
Sometimes the spell may last
Past what you can see
And turn against you...
WITCH
Careful the tale you tell.
That is the spell.
Children will listen...

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FINALE/CHILDREN WILL LISTEN (PART 2)

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ALL
Though it's fearful,
Though it's deep, though it's dark
And though you may lose the path,
Though you may encounter wolves,
You can't just act,
You have to listen.
You can't just act,
You have to think.

There are always wolves,
There are always spells,
There are always beans,
Or a giant dwells
There,
So:
Into the woods you go again,
You have to every now and then.
Into the woods, no telling when,
Be ready for the journey.

Into the woods, but not too fast,
Or what you wish, you lose at last.
Into the woods, but mind the past.
Into the woods, but mind the future.
Into the woods, but not to stray,
Or tempt the Wolf,
Or steal from the Giant.

The way is dark,
The light is dim,
But now there's you,
Me, her, and him.
The chances look small,
The choices look grim,
But everything you learn there
Will help when you return there.

The light is getting dimmer–
I think I see a glimmer–

Into the woods–you have to grope,
But that's the way you learn to cope.
Into the woods to find there's hope
Of getting through the journey.

Into the woods, each time you go,
There's more to learn of what you know.
Into the woods, but not too slow–
Into the woods, it's nearing midnight–
Into the woods to mind the Wolf,
To heed the Witch,
To honor the Giant,
To mind,
To heed,
To find,
To think,
To teach,
To join,
To go to the Festival!

Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods–
And happy ever after!

CINDERELLA
I wish...

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BASED ON THE MUSICAL BY **STEPHEN SONDHEIM** AND **JAMES LAPINE**

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY **STEPHEN SONDHEIM**

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